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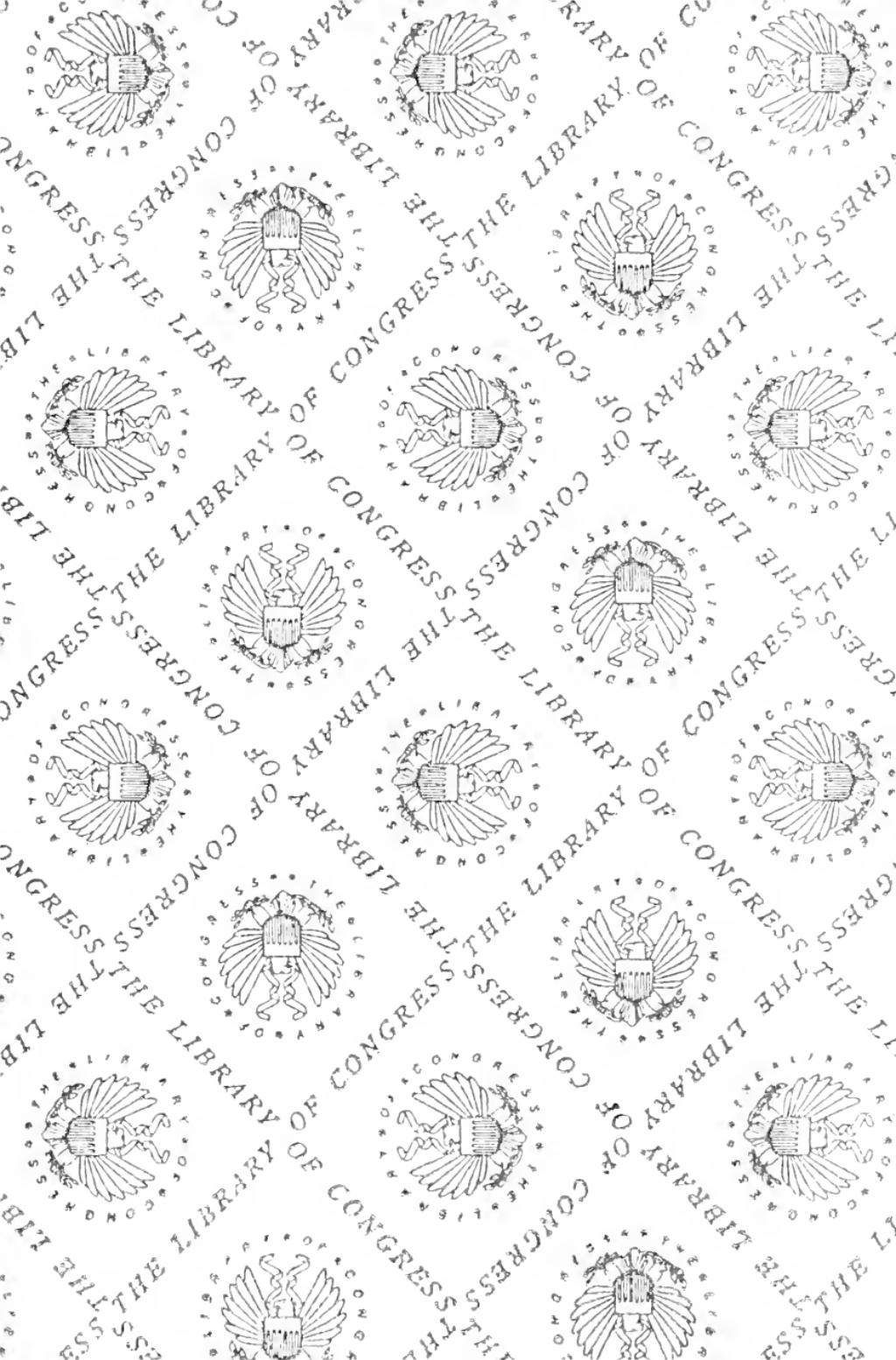
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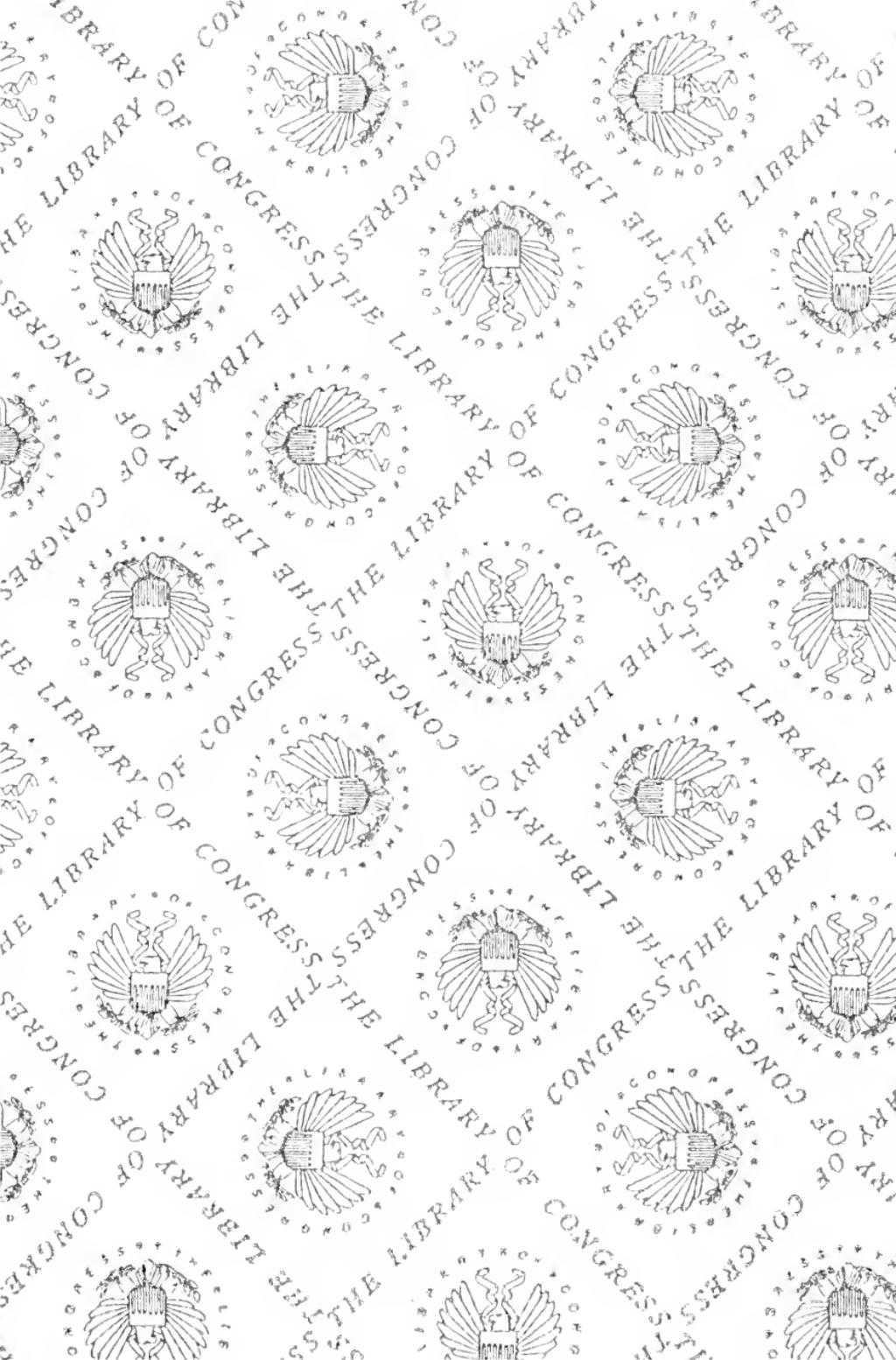
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John T. Fare

IN  
THE WILDERNESS

BY  
JOHN T. FARE

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*"In My Father's House are Many Mansions, if it  
were not so, I would have told you."*

*—John 14; 2.*

*To the Memory of the Mother  
who taught her lisping child to  
pray, this book is respectfully  
dedicated.*

# IN THE WILDERNESS

## I.

The Azure Fields were veil'd as with a  
dew;  
The Meadow-cups were lost to mortal  
view;  
The silvery Lake lent not its wonted  
light,  
For Gloom had stretch'd her canopy—  
'twas *Night*.

## II.

And Silence strange—as if the pulse of  
Time  
Had ceased, and Neverness was in its  
prime,—  
Did reign; and reigning augur'd things  
to be;  
Things felt—by what? Ah! that's the  
mystery.

## III.

But soon the calm was rent by clang ing  
sound,

And voice was heard to make the hills  
resound

With cry for light unto the House of  
Brain—

List, list! The cry it doth repeat again.

## IV.

“Within, within, kind friend, within, I  
say!

A child along life’s path hath lost its  
way.

I search for Light, if thou His servant  
be,

Direct my path. Who, where, and what  
is He?”

## V.

"Direct my path!" Indeed a prattling tongue  
Hath struck full hard upon the mental gong,  
And broke the peace. Wake, wake and cease to nod;  
The child doth answer seek: Who—what is God?

## VI.

'Tis cried full oft that the All-Good—the Just,  
Made man in His own image from the dust;  
And that the dust He chose from Mother Earth  
Did faulty prove, and we've been damn'd from birth.

## VII.

Wake, wake and lean to thought, and err  
no more.

Go think of all who have gone on be-  
fore,

Whose lives had been one endless liv-  
ing fear

Of Hell's torments for those they held  
most dear.

## VIII.

Methinks no Dives cried with parching  
tongue

For water, while the lambent flames  
among,

More loud than they will who with fear  
imbue

Their fellow-man with song of "Chosen  
few."

## IX.

The “Chosen few”? The chosen are the whole,

The images of Truth—of Life’s true soul;

And one in all, and all in one combine

As radiating rays of Light Divine.

## X.

Aye, rays; each one an offspring of the Just,

A heavenly guest within a House of dust,

Oh, care it well, it is the ever Thee!

Neglect it—and thine own deformer be.

## XI.

I never gaze upon a cripple shorn  
Of power but what my breast with grief  
is torn.

The Me therefore I'd care; for this I  
know,

That death is birth—and we have far to  
go.

## XII.

So let us gather in this Error's thought,  
And place it on the altar where 'twas  
wrought;

Then in the shadow of the Cross we'll  
stand

And watch the temple fall—'twas built on  
sand.

## XIII.

The Barque we've piloted full many a  
year

With helm lash'd hard aport with thong  
of fear;

And in a circle it hath ever sail'd,

But haven sought for we have never  
hail'd.

## XIV.

With bearings lost, with Compass gone  
before,

We tremble at the sound of breakers' roar.

"See, see, the path! Here footsteps  
mark the sea:

The Saviour pass'd this way from Gal-  
ilee!"

## XV.

The breakers of the There are far from  
Here;

The Here is but the Where of Truth  
held dear.

The There doth not exist to Mind Su-  
preme;

The Here is Now, the Now is ever green.

## XVI.

For God is Love, and Love is Life Di-  
vine;

He breathed the breath of Life, and life  
is thine;

And being thine it is the inner Thee;

And being mine it is the inner Me.

## XVII.

That convoluted loom we call the  
brain,

With which we daily weave our bolt of  
pain,

Was made the shuttle of sweet Peace  
to run;

The shuttle's thread of Grace—by God  
was spun.

## XVIII.

But from a flax we've spun a faulty  
twine

To feed the cop from which the comb  
to line,

Until the old machine cries out,  
“Enough!

I've wrought too long with your sepul-  
chral stuff.

## XIX.

"The warp of Error's thought hath  
strain'd the beam;  
My shuttle it hath lost its heavenly  
gleam,  
And bears a nap from out a dusty  
store;  
'Twould see the smile of God. Enough  
—no more!"

## XX.

His smile? Aye, smile. For dark indeed  
is day  
When light is low and Grief's old tent  
of gray  
Is pitch'd, and tears flow. But there is  
light:  
Peep through its rents—His stars with  
smiles are bright.

## XXI.

Methinks, the Barque—of which I yet  
have spake—

Could float full well, and leave within its  
wake

A troubled stream, upon the briny  
tears

That Sorrow's eyes have shed in bygone  
years.

## XXII.

Upon my window's pane a tear I see;  
It runs—now stops as if in fear; may-  
be

It is in search of some familiar eye

With whom it made its home in years  
gone by.

## XXIII.

Perhaps 'twas in some saintly cloister-cell,  
Where devotee her matin beads did tell,  
That it sought freedom from a pious orb  
To join with Prayer that doth all grief absorb.

## XXIV.

Aye, join with Prayer, that messenger of man  
That to the Throne of Grace, since time began,  
Hath borne our soul-thoughts; tho'ts, oft frank'd with tears,  
That have return'd with Peace to still our fears.

## XXV.

Our fears? The seed within a shadow's  
pod!

Hath Clay ta'en on the potency of God  
And turned Artisan? The light turn  
on:

The pod is broken and the seed is gone.

## XXVI.

The light turn on? From where, and  
when, and how?

The smile of God illumines the ever Now.  
Turn on the light! Effect go rule the  
cause!

The cause, and whence came it? Divine  
Mind knows.

## XXVII.

The great Omnipotent, Omniscient He!  
The Omnipresent One to Thee and Me,—  
    But for the Dust that keeps our vision  
        bound  
In darkness, true unto the Mother  
Ground,—

## XXVIII.

He knows. And will He hold us free  
    from guile  
Who help to make the Garment in a  
style  
    To hide the True—that He Himself had  
        wrought,  
And make shade substance, and the Sub-  
stance naught?

## XXIX.

That speck of dust that in the ray of  
light  
Is ever seen in borrow'd garments dight,  
We'd turn into a beam of woeful  
note;  
The heavenly ray we'd thrust inside the  
mote.

## XXX.

That which is, is, and will be so for  
aye;  
And being so it cannot pass away.  
For all things made were made by the  
All Wise;  
All else is shadow, from which errors  
rise.

## XXXI.

He knows: The Father of the father,  
He;

The Lord of lords who made the perfect  
Thee.

The perfect Me? The me that is, is  
what?

A shell—a shadow by a Shade begot.

## XXXII.

Aye, by a Shade that sprang from False-  
hood's thought;

Begot in darkness, and by Darkness  
wrought;

A semblance of a something that is  
naught,

That from the land of Nothingness was  
brought.

## XXXIII.

The shell? Oh, rend its portals open wide,  
As was the tomb from which the Crucified  
In all His glory came; and see the Man,  
The perfect Man, as when the world began.

## XXXIV.

I scarce e'er listen to the ocean's roar,  
Or see the waves in anger lash the shore,  
But what, methinks, I see Golgotha sway  
And rend itself—as on the Passion-day.

## XXXV.

Or watch the heaving of its troubled  
breast,

When fleck'd with foam from off its tear-  
ful crest,

But what I see on lip the spumy stain,  
And hear the Magdalene's cry of pain.

## XXXVI.

And when the spray doth hap to touch  
my lip,

As from the savor'd nebule I do sip,

Into my breast a kindly solace flows;

Perhaps it was His tear—who knows.  
who knows.

## XXXVII.

His tear, and brought by sobbing winds  
from mound

Where Error's ashes mark'd the whited  
ground

That lay in shadow of that veil of woe  
The angels rent when Dust was in its  
throe.

## XXXVIII.

Aye, in deep thro'e was Garment of the  
Man,

A Garment wrought when world of Dust  
began;

By Adam to his offspring 'twas be-  
queath'd,

And all have worn, and wearing it have  
grieved.

## XXXIX.

'Tis writ that Judas fell and bowels  
spew'd  
Upon the ground. Methinks the Saviour  
hued  
The very spot with crimson from the  
side  
That knew the spear ere He scarce yet  
had died.

## XL.

And as the stream gush'd forth from out  
the Fount  
A quaking dread possess'd the skull-clad  
mount,  
And with its fearful bosom's heaving  
waves  
It waked the dead—who left their tainted  
graves.

## XLI.

Oh, better far had Judas ne'er been born  
Than till the Dust that gave to life a  
thorn,  
Whose cruel teeth were pointed as with  
steel,  
To rend the brow that bore the Heavenly  
Seal.

## XLII.

Methinks I see the passion'd face of Love,  
With pleading look, turn to the heavens  
above,  
And cry, ere yet His eyes were lost to  
view,  
“Father, forgive! They know not what  
they do.”

## XLIII.

“Father, forgive!” With pity’s soulful cry

He pleaded for mankind with Life on high.

That prayer divine let memory sacred keep,

For with the plea on tongue He went to sleep.

## XLIV.

Oh, glorious morn that saw the Saviour rise

A victor o’er the tomb where Error lies!

And in His Majesty and Truth appear  
Unto the one redeem’d—by Him held dear.

## XLV.

Aye, the redeem'd. The one that He had  
brought

From out the labyrinth of Error's thought  
Into the open of the Heavenly Way,  
When cast aside as one unclean—by  
Clay.

## XLVI.

As one unclean, a wanderer unknown  
To all save them who had with Error  
grown;  
And in the pool of Deep Despair they  
dwell,  
A surging mass within a grieving hell.

## XLVII.

Yet from its deep comes hand in wake  
of hand  
With clawing sweep, as if to reach the  
land;  
Like wind-sped sails—when mill is hid  
from view,  
They pass from sight—perhaps to try  
anew.

## XLVIII.

And if perchance a one should hap to  
hit  
Upon the Rock, and creep from out the  
pit,  
Some Levite of the Dust—in Virtue's  
name,  
Will cry, “Unclean! Unclean! Hence  
whence you came.”

## XLIX.

Unclean! Unclean the Clay of man's  
own kind?

Unclean the tenement wherein the mind  
Doth dwell? Then, like the Magdalene,  
go

Unto the Fount—there cleansing waters  
flow.

## L.

With Garment soil'd with frailty's earthly  
spot

She sought the Life to free her from the  
blot;

And from her eyes repentant tears did  
stray

To lave His feet—they wash'd her sins  
away.

## LI.

Methinks I see her as with tear-clad  
face

She humbly kneels imploring Him for  
grace;

Imploring with that silence of despair  
That's voiced by falling tears—each tear  
a prayer.

## LII.

And now a sound like unto wafting wings  
I hear. A heavenly sound and one that  
brings

The thought of angels speeding down  
to greet

A soul redeem'd--low at the Saviour's  
feet.

## LIII.

No anger'd cry, from Him, no loathing  
look

As from the ground the penitent He  
took;

But with a voice that brought to grief  
surcease

He said, "Thy faith hath saved thee—go  
in peace."

## LIV.

"Thy faith hath saved." Oh, would that  
child-like trust

Were fully mine! Then from this Shell  
of Dust

I'd speed the webs that on its walls  
recline,

And let the light of God in fullness  
shine.

## LV.

Methought my house in order I had placed,  
And from its corners all the spots erased;  
Its windows they were bright, and many a ray  
Of sunshine to my chamber found its way.

## LVI.

Its portals knew no dust—though some ajar,  
And kindly visitors from out the far—  
In thought, did often come and chat with me  
About the heavenly Now—the Then to be.

## LVII.

But stranger came: I welcome gave to  
him,  
And held converse, when, lo, the light  
grew dim,  
For window's pane was veil'd with web  
of gray;  
A Spider! Ah, we all must watch and  
pray!

## LVIII.

The garden of despair—*Gethsemane*,  
Did e'en the spinning Weaver know, for  
he  
A web did weave within its troubled  
shade  
That caught the passion'd tears of Him  
who pray'd.

## LIX.

And with the glistening tears the webby  
shroud  
Was 'lumed e'en as a lamp to mark the  
crowd  
That writhing surged in Error's dark  
abyss,  
From which—like serpent, crept the  
Judas-kiss.

## LX.

Aye, crept like serpent under night's deep  
shade  
To kiss the cheek of one he had be-  
tray'd;  
For darkness is the breath that Error  
breathes,  
And breathing it, it slays whom it de-  
ceives.

## LXI.

How oft we mortals sit and strain the  
eye

To see the work that in the lap doth lie,  
When worldly winter, with its weather-  
stain,

Hath curtain'd out the light from win-  
dow's pane.

## LXII.

Aye, strain to see the lines by Artist  
made,

That we with wisdom's thread must mark  
to shade

And fashion incorruption's Emblem  
Rose;

But, ah, alas!—how oft the Cypress  
grows.

## LXIII.

Our trembling fingers, with their coats  
of stain

Drawn by the temper'd needle's point,  
would gain,

By labor—foreign to all rest, the bread  
To feed the that with which the worms  
are fed.

## LXIV.

And in our haste and deep forgetful-  
ness,

The sop for That within grows daily  
less,

Until the larder proves an empty bowl  
With ne'er a crumb to feed the hunger'd  
Soul.

## LXV.

Methinks I hear the man-wrought needle  
cry—

“Why thrust your flimsy thread into my  
eye?

You start with pain if I your finger  
wound!

Then why not I? Your logic is unsound.

## LXVI.

“ ‘Tis said that you from common dust  
were made,

From dust that Time amid the dust had  
laid,

And that an artisan of standing high  
Did draw you forth. Well, cousin—so  
was I.”

## LXVII.

Each day we meet with kindred long  
unknown,  
As o'er this sand-dune by the winds we're  
blown ;  
We meet them here, and then we meet  
them there,  
In fact, like dust, we meet them every-  
where.

## LXVIII.

And one and all seem foreign to the  
place,  
And wavering stand—as if they would  
retrace  
Their steps, then speed to left and then  
to right,  
Again to left, and then—alas ! 'tis Night.

## LXIX.

Oh, blessed He who did in ages gone  
Reverse the stone that mark'd the path-  
way wrong !

A path that's led us to this dusty plain,  
Far from the land of Light that we would  
gain.

## LXX.

But mortal eyes inured to shade of  
night,

That we would turn unto the heavenly  
light,

Are, in their weakness, blinded by its  
ray,

And we still need His voice to lead the  
way.

## LXXI.

For Love's bright beams arise on every  
side

That marks the Narrow Path, that in the  
Wide—

Where whirlwinds dance with dust,  
whose revelry

Is cradled in its grave—we never see.

## LXXII.

And in our mazy state we're prone to read  
The signs and symbols—that are placed  
to lead,

From right to left, until, some late, we  
learn

That we're astray, and know not where  
to turn.

## LXXIII.

Full many a morn we've seen, whose  
winning smile  
Hath drawn us far afield with witching  
guile,  
That did o'ersoon upon us turn with  
lash  
Of wind and rain midst laughing thun-  
der's crash.

## LXXIV.

For through the lenses of the mortal eye  
We see the "*Evening's red*" when morn is  
nigh,  
And augur that the day full bright will  
be,  
And sup with Sorrow ere the night we  
see.

## LXXV.

For with the dust the wind will ever  
play

And toss it hither, thither, everyway;

So that the Night oft laughs and cries  
to Morn,

“My friend, you sow’d the seed—go reap  
the thorn!”

## LXXVI.

Seed—*Error sown! The dead harvest the  
dead!*

Whence came this seed—in what pod  
was it bred?

Its spark of life, from what source was  
it drawn?

Not from the mouth of God. Then hence  
the spawn.

## LXXVII.

For life—eternal, true, was breathed by  
Love

To fill all space—the Here, the There  
above;

And filling space the Omnipresent He  
Hath made all one by heavenly alchemy.

## LXXVIII.

And being one the smile of the Divine  
Within my neighbor as myself doth shine;  
And shining it reflects the living Light,  
The Light that knows no darkness of the  
Night.

## LXXIX.

And from it flows an ever pulsing stream  
Of love to heal the ills of life's false  
dream;

And healing, leaves the Man—as He  
had wrought,  
An offspring of Himself—a perfect  
Thought.

## LXXX.

But as the running waters pass from  
sight  
Beneath the stratum that impedes their  
flight,  
So in the long ago love's stream ran  
low  
Beneath the bank of Sin where Sorrows  
grow.

## LXXXI.

And all was dark until the heavenly  
One,

Whose lowly birth the guiding star shone  
on,

Did rend the brank Cimmerian full wide  
With light of Truth—and rending bruised  
His side.

## LXXXII.

And from the light did radiate a beam  
Of love that brought unto the blind the  
gleam

Of day; and in the sorrowing house of  
death

It brought unto the dead a living breath.

## LXXXIII.

And for the lost illumined the sought-for  
way,

And gently led the ones who had astray  
In darkness gone, back to the path of  
peace,

Where flowers grow, and sorrow finds  
surcease.

## LXXXIV.

Methinks I hear Bethesda's arched  
vault

Give echo to the cries of blind and  
halt;

Cries from the past that do its curtain  
raise,

And on the scenes of long ago I gaze.

## LXXXV.

I see the crippled, palsied—youth and age,  
Of life's great tome a torn and tatter'd  
page,

Each one intent on leaping in the tide  
Ere doth the stricken brother at his side.

## LXXXVI.

Each with an eye or ear attuned to catch  
The moment when the troubled water's  
latch

Shall rise, and portal open for the guest,  
Whose touch to faith-clad brings a heal-  
ing rest.

## LXXXVII.

While on a pallet, near the pool, there  
lies

A palsied form—full old, who ever cries,  
“Oh, for the love of God, come aid me  
lend

To water’s edge, ere angel does des-  
cend!”

## LXXXVIII.

And cry in vain? No, not in vain; for  
he

Did sup from cup of loving sympathy  
And rise renew’d—free from all ill and  
care,

At Life’s command—for Christ was there.

## LXXXIX.

And in the Now as in the Then the same  
Light glows to lead the fallen, blind and  
lame;

And glowing, lights the pathway to the  
Gate,

Where they who have gone on do us  
await.

## XC.

And o'er its archway, writ in rubied hue,  
The Master's call—for all, *not for the few*,

“ALL YE WHO TOIL AND ARE WITH GRIEF  
OPPRESS'D,

COME UNTO ME AND I WILL GIVE YOU  
REST.”

## XCI.

And that is Love. His message it is  
thine,

'Twas Magdalene's—Mary's—and 'tis  
mine,

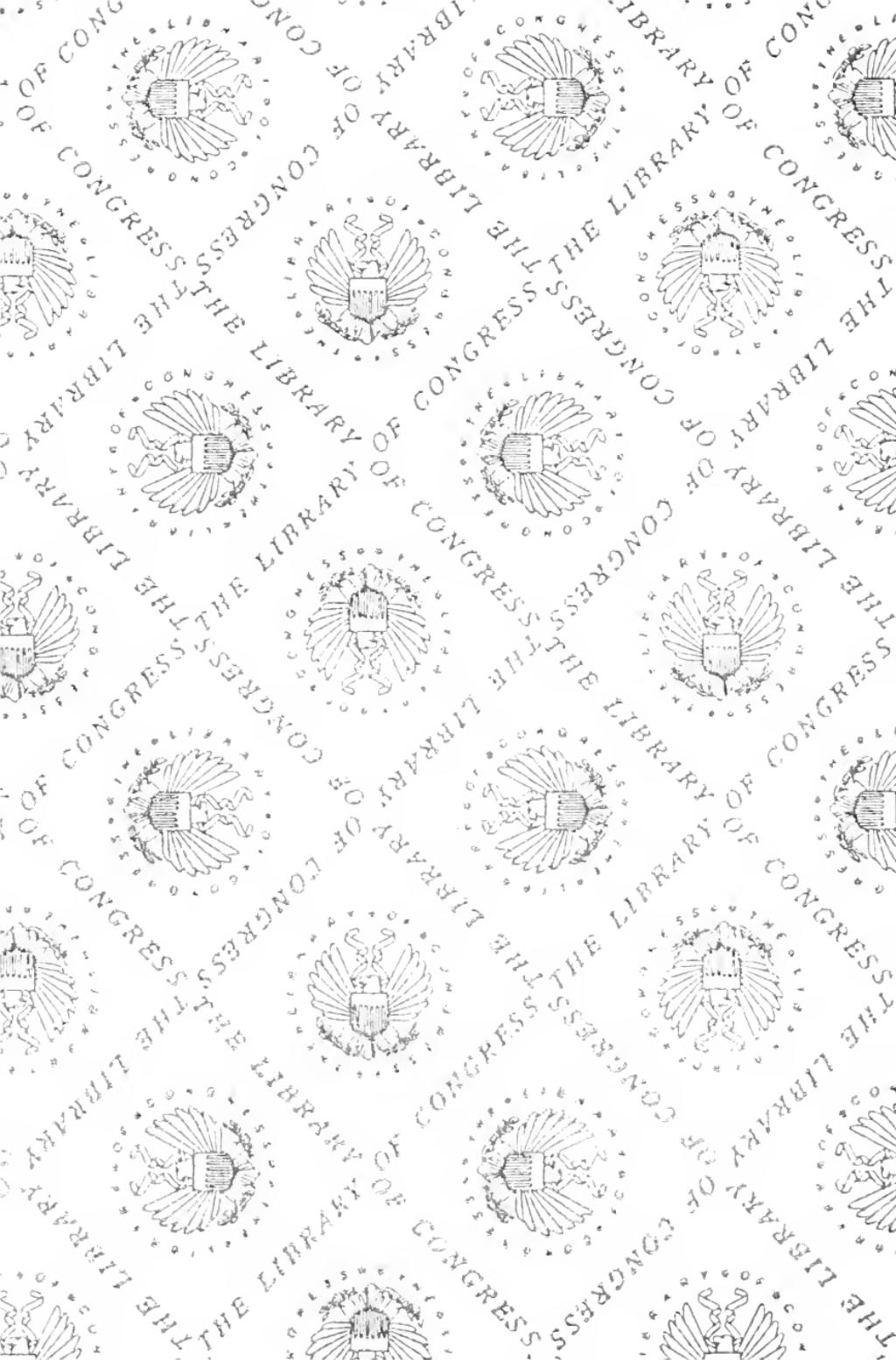
And comes as manna did in ages past,  
So that our hunger'd souls may break  
the fast.

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